

The Tragedy of Hamlet

And the Kings rowse the heaven shall bruit againe,
Respeaking earthly thunder : Come away. *Flourish, Exeunt all*

Ham. O that this too too sallied flesh would melt, *but Hamlet.*
Thaw and resolve it selfe into a dew,
Or that the everlasting had not fixt
His Cannon 'gainst selfe slaughter ! O God, God,
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seeme to me all the uses of this World ?
Fie on't, ah fie, 'tis an unweeded Garden,
That growes to seed ; things rank & grosse in nature
Possesse it meerly : that it should come thus,
But two moneths dead, nay not so much, not two,
So excellent a King, that was to this
Hyperion to a Satyre, so loving to my mother,
That he might not beteeme the windes of heaven
Visit her face too roughly : heaven and earth
Must I remember, why she should hang on him,
As if increase of appetite had growne
By what it fed on ; and yet within a moneth,
Let me not thinke on't, frailty thy name is woman,
A little moneth : Or ere those shooes were old,
With which she followed my poore fathers body,
Like *Niobe* all teares, why she,
O God ! a beast that wants discourse of reason
Would have mourn'd longer, married with my uncle,
My fathers brother, but no more like my father
Than I to *Hercules* ; within a moneth,
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous teares
Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,
She married. Oh most wicked speed, to post
With such dexterity to incestuous sheets ;
It is not, nor it cannot come to good.
But breake my heart, for I must hold my tongue.

Enter Horatio, Marcellus, and Barnardo.

Hora. Haile to your Lordship. (selfe.)

Ham. I am glad to see you well ; *Horatio*, or I doe forget my

Hora. The same my Lord, and your poore servant ever.

Ham. Sir my good friend, Ile change that name with you ;

And

Prince of

And what make you from *Marcellus.*

Mar. My good Lord.

Ham. I am very glad to
But what in faith make you

Hora. A truant disposition

Ham. I would not heare
Nor shall you doe my eare
To make it truster of your o
Against your selfe ; I know
But what is your affaire in
Wee'll teach you for to dri

Hora. My Lord, I came to

Ham. I prethee doe not
I thinke it was to my moth

Hora. Indeed my Lord it

Ham. Thrift, thrift, *Horatio*
Did coldly furnish forth th
Would I had met my deare
Or ever I had seene that da
My father, me thinks I see

Hora. Where my Lord

Ham. In my mindes eye

Hora. I saw him once, a

Ham. A was a man, tak
I shall not looke upon his

Hora. My Lord, I thinke

Ham. Saw who ?

Hora. My Lord, the King

Ham. The King my fat

Hora. Season your admi
With an attentive eare, till
Upon the witnessse of these
This marvaile to you.

Ham. For Gods love let

Hora. Two nights toget

Marcellus and Barnardo.
In the dead vast and midd